

# The Young-Mans A.B.C.

IO R

Two Douzen of Verses which a Young-Man sent to his

Love, who proved unkind; wrote in the manner of an *Aphaber*.

The Tune is, *Aim not too high*.



Except thou do  
some favour to me yield,  
I shall be slain,  
with love in Venus field,  
I am so discontent,  
in mind and heart,  
That neither means  
nor time can cure my smart,



Forget thou not  
the woe wherein I dwell,  
My torments do,  
a rather griefs excell,  
Consider well  
my woful sable nights,  
And days I spend away,  
without delights,



Accept dear Love  
these shadows of my grief,  
And let thy pittie  
send me some relief,  
A Captive to  
thy will I must remain,  
For thou art only he  
must ease my pain.



Grant me thy love,  
to mitigate my pain,  
The like thou shalt  
receive from me again:  
So love will we  
as both the Turtle Dove;  
Whose firm affection  
ever constant prove.



Be kind to me,  
as I am kind to thee,  
Blas't not thy fame,  
with cruelty to me:  
But let thy inward parts  
be like thy face,  
Beauty in heart  
adorns the outward face.



Abs' you respect  
of this the grief I take,  
Which out of sleep,  
doth sometimes me awake:  
In dreams I see  
that which I most desire,  
But waking sets  
my senses all on fire.



Consider how,  
my service hath been bent,  
Continually  
to gain thy sweet content,  
Can't thou my dear,  
be so obdure to me,  
Cross unto him  
that is so true to thee.



A doleful sort,  
these words I now relate,  
Which makes me think  
my self unfortunate,  
To set my heart  
where I had nought but scorn;  
Which makes me rue  
the time that I was born.



Ever no time  
to understand my grief  
But with some speed,  
come ease me with relief:  
Thy beauty rare  
hath struck my heart so deep,  
That all my days  
I mean to wall and to weep.



All menot in  
this desperation deep,  
To think how I neither  
eat, nor drink, nor sleep:  
To think of that  
which I cannot obtain,  
The which hath near  
my heart with sorrow slain

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Et tender pittie  
moue thy gentle heart;  
And so from thee  
my love shall never start,  
To gain the Love,  
I'll venture life and limb,  
And for thy sake,  
the Ocean I will swim.



Woeet love, now take,  
on me thy friend some care;  
Regard his grief  
that still lives in dispaire;  
Of thy true love, which  
is more dear then Gold,  
My griefs are more  
than numbers can be told.



My life I loath,  
because my woes increase,  
Therefore my torments cease,  
and me release:  
Then be not harsh,  
whereas thou shouldst be kind,  
But for my love  
let me no hatred find



So long I have liv'd,  
and yet too late repent;  
For why the glory of  
my life is spent;  
In loving her  
that never did love me;  
O then what days,  
of pleasure can I see.



Either deny  
to grant me this request,  
For seek thou not,  
to work me more unrest:  
For if thou do,  
the worst shall fall to thine,  
The worst can come,  
ends but one life of mine.



Wuld I had never  
liv'd thy face to have seen;  
O then full happy  
surely had I been:  
For never any one,  
under the Sun,  
But thou alone,  
could me this so long have done.



What that thou would'st  
but now conceiv'st aright,  
Then would my darkness  
soon be turn'd to light:  
My greatest sorrows  
should then I destroy,  
And all my grief  
and care exchange to joy.



Thousand times  
more cruel is thy mind,  
Then Heathens, Jews,  
or Turks are in their kind;  
O any one  
that on the earth doth go,  
And woe is me,  
for I have found it so.



Perce then no deeper  
to my bleeding heart,  
The which is ready  
now for to depart,  
He kill I that loves,  
and is not belov'd again,  
Had better dye,  
then still to live in pain.



Et if thy mind be  
so perversly bent,  
That nothing can  
procure my hearts content;  
Know this from me,  
that I have learn'd of late  
No more to dote,  
on her that doth me hate.



Quench thou the flames,  
of this my burning breast,  
Which for thy sake,  
no time nor tide can rest,  
My love to thee  
hath evermore been true,  
Therefore the same  
see still I have from you.



E N O B I A  
to Tamberlain ne'r was  
More dear then thou  
to me, but now alas;  
I find my toyl,  
my sighs and sobbs in vain;  
Why should I love,  
and not be lov'd again.



Regard my grief  
how still it more exceeds  
My life is like the Herb  
that's spoild with weeds:  
Amongst the finest Wheat,  
the Tares do grow,  
And thou my love  
hast wrought my overthrow.



Now to set  
a period to my woe;  
If thou wilt have me,  
præthee tell me so,  
If otherwile thou mean'st  
thy mind to send,  
Resolve me off or on,  
and there's an end,